THE PRIZE POEMS.

MANY NORTH CAROLINA MAT-TERS TOLD OF IN VERSE.

The Competition Productions for a Handsome Prize ... Offered by a Prominent Publishing House.

Some time ago the publishing house Two weary years I've looked for father's He, seas, wild shores, and wilder men of A. Williams & Co. offered, through the CHRONICLE a bandsome prize for the best poem of not less than sixteen nor The struggle's o'er, my precious father He strands his barque, and with a statemore than twenty-four lines on any North Carolina subject.

The proposition attracted very general attention, and a number of people sent in notices that they would compete for the prize. Poems began to come in soon after and they were received up to the limitation of time which was March 15th.

The house offering the prize then requested a committee to read the poems and decide which one was entitled to it | My precious babe, -thy mother's life members of this committee were Mr. W. J. Peele and Miss Eliza Pool. The poems were given them last Thursday. For thee, - is now thy mother's prayer. In reading them over some were reject- Thy hand, - my husband, let me hold ed because they did not comply with pertain to North Carolina. Others were left out as unworthy of merit.

The committee did not know the names of either of the writers. The poems were submitted with names of authors detached, and a record of them was kept by numbers.

The Prize Poem. The decision of the committee was To Carolina he was true that, among the fifty or more poems submitted, "No. 11" was entitled to the

This number was compared with the record and it was found that the writer of the poem was Mrs. A. W. Curtis, of Raleigh.

The title of the poem is "North Carolina." It is the first one following below, and following it are other poems which were received.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Thou sittest like a queen with coronal Of dazzling beauty on thy sunny brow; The glorious mountains for thy lofty In dark defeat or victory's glow, throne.

The grand old Ocean lying at thy feet; Thy jewels are the healing springs, that Like gleaming pearls upon thy bounteous

breast. From far and near, earth's weary pilgrims come,-A long procession, sad, and heavy eyed,-

To win anew the priceless boon of health, From thy Bethesda, angel stirred, and Deep in the bosom of thy mighty hills, Dame Nature brews the elixir of life.

In basins carved by no weak, human

hand; here and there, deep down the And woodland glens, She sets her mo s rimmed chalices, where

Who quaff with fevered lips the cooling draught,

Find health and vigor stealing through their veins. O, queenly State! lift up thy fair, proud | Then Carolina wisely keep

The while thy sons and daughters honor shine a pure white star, whose light shall be Undimmed, through all the ages yet to

come!

MRS. A. W. CURTIS, Raleigh, N. C.

The Heroes of Seventy-Five. When Tyranny's sceptre, raised over our

land. Made Liberty crouch 'neath the despot's command,

And wailings from valley and hilltops To tell to the country Columbia's woes;

While others stood hopeless, in trouble and dread, Unable to cope with the Tyrant's proud tread-

Twas then that the Heroes of the Old North State,

With courage prepared for the patriot's Assembled, while Nature was gladsome and gay

Arrayed in the brightness and beauty of May; Assembled 'mid Mecklenburg's forests and hills

Where soft, rustling leaflets and murmuring rills Commingling with notes from the songsters above

Awoke with their echoes an anthem of Assembled determined to shatter the bands

That hampered their actions and fettered their hands And send to the nations all over the world,

The message that Freedom her flag had unfurled To wave o'er Columbia from mountain

"The land of the brave and the home of the free.

Twas done: and the tidings, borne northward, awoke A courage that shattered the Tyrant's

proud yoke, And reared a Republic that long will survive To honor the "HEROES OF SEVENTY-FIVE "

"JESSIE." North Carolina.

North Carolina-lovely mother-Fair land of historic fame, We are stirred as by no other-At the mention of thy name!

Long thy stretch of proud Atlantic-Great thy stretch of mountain range. Sunny lands between, romantic, Happy homes and fruitful grange.

Thy sons, dear State, are patriotic, Thy daughters fair-from healthful

Thou first broke the chains despour -At Mecklenburg-in olden time?

And throughout the Revolution Thy sons showed their deathless pluck

For their freedom-Constitution-

And loved land-in blows they struck ! Moore's Creek, Alamance and Guilford, Are names Tyrants e'er will rue! In Mexico and 'gainst the late horde Thy sons proved their valor true.

Here, then, let us live contented -Cultivate the Arts of Peace. In Carolina-fair as Scotlend-Framed like ancient Rome and Greece! CAPT. D. MCNEILL. Richmond Co., N. C.

The Death of Eleanor Dare.

AN ECHO FROM CROATAN. Take the child, dear husband, I will rest, I never more will take ber on my breast And scan the sea for coming of the

Sadly over this, our little one!

With straining eyes, and sadly patching

Beneath the treacherous sea. In dreams I see bis eyes

Wild staring, -as if he saw our fate! We came to this fair land a home to Its very sunshine mocks me! For thy

I left on England's soil all that was dear Except thyself. My faith is failing. Fear For the future is more than I can bear. on the ground of merit. The acting Is lost to thee; she sinks before the strife The future has in store;—the end Is come. That God will raise a friend

thy hand the provision that the subject should And, -kiss me, -as I step upon the strand-That leads me to the lovely promised

land-Where -we-in light-shall-stand. MISS S. A. TILLINGHAST, Raleigh, N. C.

Zebulon V. Vance.

Where days were dark and friends were

few: When renegades for sordid gold Their birthrights and their country sold. Twas he, who, steadfast and unmoved, The Right ENDORSED, the wrong re-

And thus, to-day our champion stands With patriot's heart and stainless hands! We love the man whose honored name Adds lustre to his country's fame; Whose manly virtues, peerless worth, Are recognized from South to North.

In calm or storm, in weal or woe, In cloudless day or starless night, He ever battles for the Right! REV. H. D. LEQUEUX,

Morganton, N. C. North Carolina.

With head and shoulders in the skies, And feet upon the ocean placed, Our State in fairest beauty lies

With every blessing richly graced, And sons and daughters fondly raise Their hearts and voices in her praise.

The wondrous Flora of the earth And pours it lavishly through riven | Finds here a welcome neutral ground, The Fauna of the seas has birth Or in her shoals and sounds are found. The Frigid and the Torrid meet

And in a friendly race compete. The soils, the mines, the gems so rare, Are more than ready tongue can tell, And when with others we compare The State we know and love so well, She takes a high and noble stand

With wealth and honor at command. The place thy worth can claim, Let no dishonor, sloth or sleep Bring seorn upon thy goodly name.

That all may ever proudly raise Their hearts and voices in thy praise. E. J. FANNING,

Wilmington, N. C.

North Carolina Pines. [By one who Loves Them.] Beloved pines! how they bend and bow As the swift wind passes o'er! Making sweet music to charm our souls Like the sound of the surf on the shore!

Whispering of hope to the heart downcast. And of peace to the tired breast; Breathing to heaven sweet incense of

Of the wearied who're longing for rest, To the young who fain would know,

Whether more of joy or grief shall be The mind's outgrowth and strong arms' As along life's unknown path they go. Bearing the burden of battle and strife, Thou didst do thy duty well!

Rearing thy plumed heads above the din, The more emphatically to tell. To those intruders upon her soil,-Who dared destroy and kill,-

Whoever failed though ALL should be Thou wouldst stand her "silent sentries"

Oh,, willowy pines! none wonder now, Her daughters should be so fair, Since thou hast taken it to your heart With them thy marvellous grace to share! MATTIE W. ROUNTREE,

Raleigh's City.

Oxford, N. C.

A gallant figure, brave and debonair, Courtly and fearless, strong yet dainty

Links crude Columbia with the age that Rich fruit of wondrous genius, and where

Men's puises highest; age where valor's Burned in pure poet-souls with lustre

What was that grand unrest that from the ease And luxury of courts drove noble men

To brave the horrors of tempestuous seas, That far off savage countries they might

Recording fearsome deeds with facile pen, Oftimes so skilled in courtly gallantries?

Are fallen, whence has died the flush and thrice That marked that tropic age; we wond'ring gaze

Back to the race whose stern resistless Was blent with sweetness, men with equal skill,

To conquer fue or seeing fair lady's O! Raleigh's city, who hast grafted deep

In life of this young nation, Releigh's Who Raleigh's mem'ry fresh and green wouldst keep, Though all forgetful England's self be-

Would thou couldst wake, by magic of He holds sweet thought of ALL thy

That old-time spirit from its death-like A niche all garlanded and set apart

Raleigh.

Soldier and wit, philosopher and one, Whom naught could hin ler till his work was done:

Keen as his sword, his wit would flash and fly -That never come. Alas! my poor heart True as its steel, his faith and constancy. Urged by his earnest love for venture

> And where the South Atlantic leaves the green shores with its tepid waves,

ly tread, Old England's banner oe'r the land he spread. The feathered Cacique, leaning on his lance,

Looks on the hero with a wondering glance, Sees there the "white wings" resting on the sea That brought the stranger-can such wonders be?

Thus Raleigh came to Carolina's shore And plants the seed that goodly fruitage Then dark days come, and horrors intervene-1

With blood and tumult fall across the The war-whoop ringing through the sultry air-Woman's wild cry of terror and despair; But through it all there rises stern and The shout of brave men battling til

they die. Now Raleigh's stately dames, with loud loud acclaim, Tells Carolina's love for Raleigh's name. EDWARD NATHANIEL BOYKIN. Camden, S. C.

A Relic of Mecklenburg. ["The sword of General William David son hangs in Davidson College museum."

CHAS. LEE SMITH.] Why haugs your sword on a college The student's lamp and the blade of steel.

The scholar's thought and the bloody brawl-They link not well for the common Forbear, for this is a hero's sword,

And freedom's sons were the men he He fell in the fight at Cowan's Ford; Cornwallis was glad to see him dead. O swift Catawba, of all the blood

By arrows shed or swords or guns, That ever yet flash'd adown thy flood, The purest, sure, was Davidson's. He was of the race that Tryon met In freedom's cause on the Alamance,

He was of the men their seals that set To th' patriots' just deliverance. He was of the hornet's nest that flew

I cannot think that the Roman knew A better way to a better lore. The cause McAden and Caldwell made Their own, along with their Christian

creed, Can consecrate a crimsoner blade, With noble thought match nobler deed. CHAS. WOODWARD HUTSON, Columbia, S. C.

North Carolina.

Triune daughter of Earth-from Heaven, fire and wave ! The nameless ages blossom in their With golden summers of thy maiden

And Nature from thy being speaks and Life multiplying life, its joys and fears, White hopes Here holds, as gems thy casket sod;

These dreaming hills and vales, each fruiting tree High mission feel the learning from thy God, Home giver to the red tribes greeting

From mountains to the shining eastern Showing bright vistas of love and pride Lo, peopled years have passed. 'Mid shrines and marts

> force, as hearts Tell life, tell emprise. But dim grows thy light 'Mid civil discords—necessary night Of woe-black, thundering war, where

thy just pride Gives Duty blood, and Honor purpose tried. Before thee thine is greatness yet unborn--

The best unknown; and thou shalt light THE morn, Thou, noble in thine own intrinsic worth, But nobler still in thy great children's

birth, Star, bright'ning in Columbia's constel-Queen-sister in the sisterhood of States,

Fair Carolina, leal to Peace and Nation! "23, 20, 8, 6." With Johnston's Army in North Caro-

lina in 1865. [A true incident and an act that I hold in grateful rememberance. She never gave her name, but God knows it.]

GEO. E TAYLOR, Pendleton, S. C. The fiery surges of the awful strife

Swept o'er thy hills and dales, oh, sturdy State! The last dread moments of a nation's life Were passing through the hour glass

of Fate. The soldiers of the dying Cause were camped About a town embosomed midst thy

hills, We know not now: -we who in languid Grim visaged war with iron feet had stamped Its rustic beauty with unnumbered ills.

A youthful soldier standing guard one Weary with marching, from long fasting Thought hopeless of the food his strength

to stay And lo! was fed and strengthened by a The fretful current of these later years, Has swept us on ward with untiring speed,

The soldier boy can ne'er forget that When on thy 'scutcheon fa'r, this spot And so old North State ever in his heart, Carolina, our own, more faithful to his Florida, where Gen. Colquitt won a gal-

women fair; To loving memory of this deed most dear.

Battle of Guilford Court House.

No event of the War of Revolution was more pregnant with the success of nificent conduct of the brave people of the cause of American freedom than the | New Hanover and Brunswick counties, Battle of Guilford Court House-and no when, soon after the inauguration of the event has been more neglected by his- in quitous Stamp Aut, the Diligence (an torians. But for Guilford, the crowning | English sloop of war) entered the harbor act of the glorious drama, at Yorktown, of old Brunswick town for the purpose would not have been possible-and it of landing stamp paper for the colony. should be the love labor of the great It was a deed worthy of all fame, and State, upon whose patriot bosom was still it is known and recognized by but fought this momentous strife, to lift few of the people of our country, or even it to its well-won niche in the temple of of our State.] history; priceless to a people should be Spoke the leader bold of men four-scorethe memory of their great and prou lest In seventeen hundred and sixty-four-

When freedom's cause was toosin rung, Of hardy North State sons there sprung A goodly band, who, wielding brave, Black death to 'vading foeman gave. At Guilford Court, where led by Green, The flash of Carolina steel was seen; That caus'd to rise, Yorktown, a star, 'Mid the mighty field of war. No Guilford-there would not have

Joy peans to the gracious heaven, For at Guilford, by great War's per-Freedom her birth did have; her deliver

Was had at Yorktown, near the main-Fame of each is but the same. From Guilford's field to' sixty one, Nowhere has valor brighter shone. Brave-born these sons, to great deeds

moved. Their all-valorous genitors have proved. Oh! Freedom, keep alive the celestial And make us worthy of our sires.

ALEX E. OWEN.

Portsmouth, Va.

Esther Wake. One hundred and twenty five long years

('Twas seventeen sixty-five, then, you must know,) There came, from "Old England," in the

hay-making time,

A lovely young maiden to this happy They called her fair Esther, yes, "sweet Esther Wake:"

And as long as WAKE county and WAKE Forest stand, This name will be honored by all in This

land. The worthy historians, who wrote of her Declared that "Miss Esther" was fawn-

like in ways; So graceful and winning, so blithesome and "SMART,"

With Daire, Shelby, Sevier and Moore: And the sturdy old burghers, in conclave, just voted To build a fine palace for a beauty so

> So twenty-five thousand hard dollars, BY TAXES. Were paid in, but nothing for hoes, picks and axes.

But the palace was reared; and in New Berne we may See some of the ruins of that palace today;

But sweet "Esther Wake" smiled back o'er the sea, And left to Carolina a fair legacy, Her NAME, to all hearts and to memory

revere. Historic Carolina.

A NAME, the "Old North State," will ever

When Raleigh sent his daring crew Across Atlantic's waters blue, What welcome land first met their view,

The Old North State, Carolina. Amazed at English dress and fire, Westward the Redmen soon retire; And now the white men hold the lands From Cherokee to Roanoke's sands. When Tyranny's relentless hand, Oppressed America's fair land,

What State for freedom took a stand? The Old North State, Carolina. Her hand was first to break the yoke, "All men are free!"-the silence broke-'Make way for liberty" they cried-

Made way for liberty and died. When brother against brother warred, And all our Southern land was marred, Whose men with valor's gems were

The Old North State, Carolina's. In that fierce war the first blood she i Was Carolina's, and her dead Were found wherever heroes fell, They were so brave and fought so well. "Q X."

Sir Walter Raleigh. [Virginia, North and South Carolina Whom bless with good the God and and Georgia, were all, at first, included but are positively harmful, malicious the humanities."

kindly fates,
under one name, Virginia, so called by and untruthful. Take for instance Queen Elizabeth, after herself, the Virginia Queen, who claimed it as her own. Carolina, North and South, was named by Charles I., long afterwards, from Carolus, his Latin name. The name and fame of Sir Walter Raleigh should be dear to us, since it was he who first endeavored to settle a colony in this State. Facts from "First Steps in North

Carolina History."] The knightly Raleigh, with a glad sur-Saw, with all graces and all charms bedight,

The young Virginia, in the morning As second Venus, from the waves arise, Sought, for his country's Queen, to gain the prize; And golden apples bring, explored the

With heart of fire and soul of chivalry. Warrior, Historian, Statesman, Christian Inglorious, hid from Heaven's pure light

and air;

Raleigh, N. C.

A hero, languishing in living death, And gave to ingrate King, a martyr's breath. Well might all virtue, and all truth, ment in Mexico, and yet this veracious despair, history praises Lincoln for his gallantry, But midst life's sorrows and its pangs Oh, England! veil thine eyes in misty

Gave to her favored City, his illustrious

MRS. J. M. ATKINSON.

New Hanover in 1764. The following poem refers to the mag-

To a sloop of war that sailed one day Into the river, and-later-lay, With colors affoat as the sun went down, Within the harbor of Brunswick town: "No England's George's ships land here Their odious freight; we do not fear The sceptred hand of a tyrant's power! Make sail and away; delay one hour,

And your cursed ship shall strew the wave With flaming brands!" Thus spoke the brave. And, drawing nearer-with scarcely a

sound -They cut the cables that held her bound! Ere the sun came up on the other side, To redden the wave at the ebb of the tide. The ship with its hateful cargo passed Away out of sight of hull and of mast ! Hurrah for the men of Wilmington, By whom this deed of glory was done Remember the men of old Brunswick

Who stood for the right as the sun went down. HUNTER L. HARRIS.

Raleigh, N. C.

Carolina! Her motto is, in FACT though not in WORD, Pragmata Ouk Epea. By G.

The mission of a noble deed Is never ended. More and more, Broader and stronger waves succeed, Laving each islet in their speed Straight to the furthest shore.

Brave hearts who bled at Alamance, Untrammeled by the settling pall, Strode on to York, through every chance, A name to Carolinians still dear, for her | And, later, taught the pride of France That man is not a thrall.

And still they live though all unversed,

In mute but glorious action dressed, They live, where'er a gyve is burst, Or infant Liberty is nursed, UNKNOWN-but not un-BLEST.

From sires like these by sons as grand, What bard shall sing the achievements wrought From the very beginning she won every In the twin realms of Hand and Thought, To grace our native land!

And when the flaming torch is caught

For her, not Clio's partial page, Nor mildewed marble, shall proclaim The need of merit. Age on age Shall FEEL—and by its LIFE, shall guage The just proportion of her Fame.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. On every side around the earth, By favored ones of noble birth, By kings and queens, a royal line Who claimed to rule by right divine; The sons of men were sore oppressed,

Mis-governed, slighted and distressed. The sons of Mecklenburg awoke-A thought—a deed - the spell was broke: Thenceforth their watchword, Liberty, Declared to all that they were free; From mouth to mouth, from hand to hand.

And Nations joined the glad refrain; From land to land, from sea to sea, We hear the song of Liberty, And see what doth our people bless,

The glorious news went round the land.

Soon other States took up the strain,

Self-Government, a grand success.

REV. D. K BENNETT. Hickory, N. C., February, 1890. BARNES' HISTORY OF THE UNI-

TED STATES.

[Special Cor. STATE CHRONICLE.] PITTSBORO, N. C., March 20.—The School Law requires the State Board of Education to recommend a series of textbooks to be used in the public schools; and then section 22, chapter 199, laws of 1889, makes the law compulsory and declares emphatically that the books so recommended "shall be used in all the public schools of the State." Graded schools are clearly public schools. How it is that these graded schools are exempted from the operation of the law is the very phrase; I never thought of it. with regard to books i an unsolved mys- I will always use it hereafter, and every tery; but still it is a fact. Some of these | time I come home, and the judge asks graded schools are using books that are me what we were talking about, I will not recommended by the State Board, reply, 'My dear, we were discoursing on "Barnes' History of the United States." It is full of omissions and crowded with errors, and none of these omissions, and none of these errors, and none of these

a southern view of the question. Let us first look at some of the sins of omis- tisers. sions in Barnes' history. It fails to mention the Mecklenburg

Declaration of Independence, May 20,

falsehoods are in favor of the South, or

It omits the important battle of King's Mountain, save in fine print and in a foot note: "See page 134." It omits the battle of Brandy Station, the hardest and most bloody cavalry

fi.ht of the war. It was won by the

Confederates. It omits Hampton's victory over Sheridan, who was sent to capture guards and stores at Gordonsville. The battle was fought at Trevellian Station, eight miles from Gordonsville.

It omits the battle of Mine Rup, a

hard fought battle in which Meade was

defeated. It omits stating that Mr. Davis was in the Mexican and Black Hawk wars, alth ugh he was promoted for gallantry. It does not say that Mr. Davis was U. S Senator from Mississippi and Secretary of War under Pierce. Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln were in the same regi-

but gives Davis not a word. It omits the capture of Plymouth, N. C., by Gen. Hoke. It omits the battle of Olustee, in lant victory over Seymour.

It omits the cause that prompted the Confederates to open fire on Fort Sumpter. It omits Butler's rash and cruel treat-

ment of the people of New Orleans, and his insults to our women. Ho'me's history, a better and a cheaper one than Barnes,' says truly that Butler ruled New Orieans "with coarse severity."

It fails to name the North Carolina and Virginia brigades that made that gallant charge at Gettysburg. It omits to give the South credit for

any effort to avert the civil war. Cortrast this with what Holmes says about the Peace Conference, pages 223 and These omissions all squint of Yankee

prejudice and are enough or should be enough to drive Barnes' histories from every Southern school. We propose in another article to call attention to some "sins of commission,"

and give other reasons why no school in the South should use Barnes' history. A. H. MERRITT.

DISCOURSING ON THE HUMANI-

TIES.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS. "Did you have a good time at your luncheon party?" I asked of Mrs. Judge S-yesterday.

"Oh yes," said she, "we had a good "What did you talk about?" said I. "Oh," said she, "nothing mach; just chatter and clatter, and talk about little

feminine things.' "And you call that nothing, do you?"

Then, after this brief conversation, I meditated on that "nothing." I have frequently had ladies describe their interviews to me as mere nugatory talks, trifles, worthless gabble, and all that kind of thing. Perhaps they are mista-ken in this. Perhaps they erect a standard, or suppose that we men erect a standard, quite different from that

Let us look at the case. Ten ladies

come together into some arranged meet-

ing for simple social intercourse. They

which is true and real.

do not discuss any philosophical, scien-tific, political, ecclesiastical, or theological question. Not one of those themes is mentioned amongst them. But there are a thousand questions in an hour asked and answered in regard to mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, uncles and aunts, cousins, children, husbands and wives, and household matters, no one of which is of the slightest interest to Congress or to any convention or caucus known in any department of church or State operations. They seem to be little questions about little things, and no one of the answers could in any manner, so far as is visible, disturb the public security or administer to the advancement of society. And do all those little questions amount to nothing? The Governor of the State. the Mayor of the city, the bishop of the diocese, even I, might not be interested in the rheumatism of any grandmother, or the croup of any child, or the settling of the question of the summer residence of any member of the club, and yet the result of the whole meeting may be in a very high degree beneficial to society. Each woman has increased her interest in eight or nine other families by learning little items of their condition and movements. She has done good by arousing the interest of nine others in her own condition and movements. There are myriads of small things in the social sphere, no one of which will ever

tises, but which help nurture the beautiful trees the painters depict, and the beautiful trees the shipbuilders covet. Do not let us despise any beneficences. however small. Do not let us consider small talk as no talk. Let us discriminate even in go-sip. All gossip is not bad; it is only that gossip which is acrid, malevolent, and injurious that is hurtful. Perhaps that high preacher or lofty essayist who speaks flippantly and with contempt of woman's gabble may. not be able in any one sermon or one article to do as much as a dozen dear woman have done who have met for an hour or two and said no hateful thing of any human being, but made tender inquiries of little Johnnie's frost bitten heel, and a pimple on little Elsie's shoulder, and the misfortune of a nurse having to be taken away from the family just when baby needed her, and the

be treated in an essay, or be alluded to

in a sermon, or even get into a newspa-

per paragraph, just as there are myriads

of vegetable particles in every forest

which never got into the botanical trea-

rheumatism in her neighbor's husband's shoulder. Now, as I thought upon these things, I said, "Mrs. S --- , never say that you have been talking of little nothings; but when you are asked what was the subject of conversation at the party of women which you attended the previous day, say, in reply, 'My dear sir, we were dis-

coursing on the humanities."

The DAILY STATE CHRONICLE has twice as many subscribers in Raleigh as any other newspaper. Advertisers make a note of this. Our

books are open for inspection to adver-

Mrs S --- clapped her bands. "That

RALEIGH AND AUGUSTA AIR-LINE R. R. Iv effect Sunday, Dec. 29, 1889, at 9 a. m.

| GOING SOUTH. | |
|------------------------|------------|
| No. 41. | No. 51. |
| Passenger | Freight & |
| & Mail. | Passenger. |
| e've Raleigh, 3 45 p m | 6 30 p m |
| Cary, 4 05 | 7 05 |
| Merry Oaks, . 4 40 | 7 30 |
| Moncure, 4 51 | 8 35 |
| Banford, 5 16 | 9 25 |
| Cameron, 5 43 | 10 14 |
| Southern Pines 6 10 | 11 08 |
| r'ive flamlet, 7 10 | 1 00 a m |
| eave " 7 30 | |
| " (Phio, 7 55 | |
| Arris Gibsor, 8 15 | |
| GOING NORTH. | |
| No. 38. | No. 54. |
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Freight & & Mail. Passenger. Leave Gibson, 6 30 a.m. 1 30 Arrive Hamlet, 7 15 Southern Pines 9 07 Cameron, 9 36 Sanford, 10 02 4 17 5 04 Moncure,.....10 27 5 50 Merry Oaks..... 10 38 7 16 7 50 am

CARTHAGE RAILROAD. Leave Carthage 8:00 a. m.: arrive Cameron :45 a. m.; leave Cameron 9:45 a. m.; arrive Carthage 10:30 a. m.; leave Carthage 4:00 p. m.; arrive Cameron 4:45 p. m.; leave Cameron 5 50 p. m.; arrive Carthage 6:35 p. m.

PITTSBORO ROAD. Leave Pittsboro 9:25 a. m.; arrive Moneure 10:10 a. m.; leave Moncure 4:55 p. m.; wrrive Pitteboro 5:10 p. m. WM. SMITH, Supt